I too, Sing America

By Langston Hughes

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen

When company comes,

But I laugh,

And eat well,

And grow strong.

Tomorrow,

I'll be at the table

When company comes.

Nobody'll dare

Say to me,

"Eat in the kitchen,“

Then.

Besides,

They'll see how beautiful I am

And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

“Into Bondage” by Aaron Douglas



**Incident by Countee Cullen**

Once riding in old Baltimore,  
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,  
I saw a Baltimorean  
Keep looking straight at me.   
Now I was eight and very small,  
And he was no whit bigger,  
And so I smiled, but he poked out  
His tongue, and called me, "Nigger."  
I saw the whole of Baltimore  
From May until December;  
Of all the things that happened there  
That's all that I remember.



Sculpture by Augusta Fells Savage



Street Musicians by

William H. Johnson